

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

Davis Vinson F 21 35

Vol. XXXV. No. 5.
MARCH 1, 1900.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Designed
for the
Advance-
ment
of the
Young

GEORGE O.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT
LAKE
CITY
UTAH



Published Semi-Monthly
\$2 per Year.

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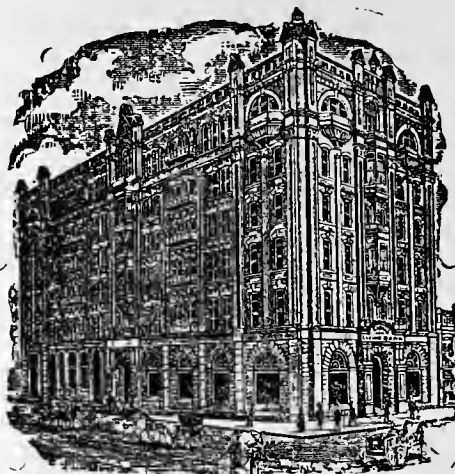
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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXV.

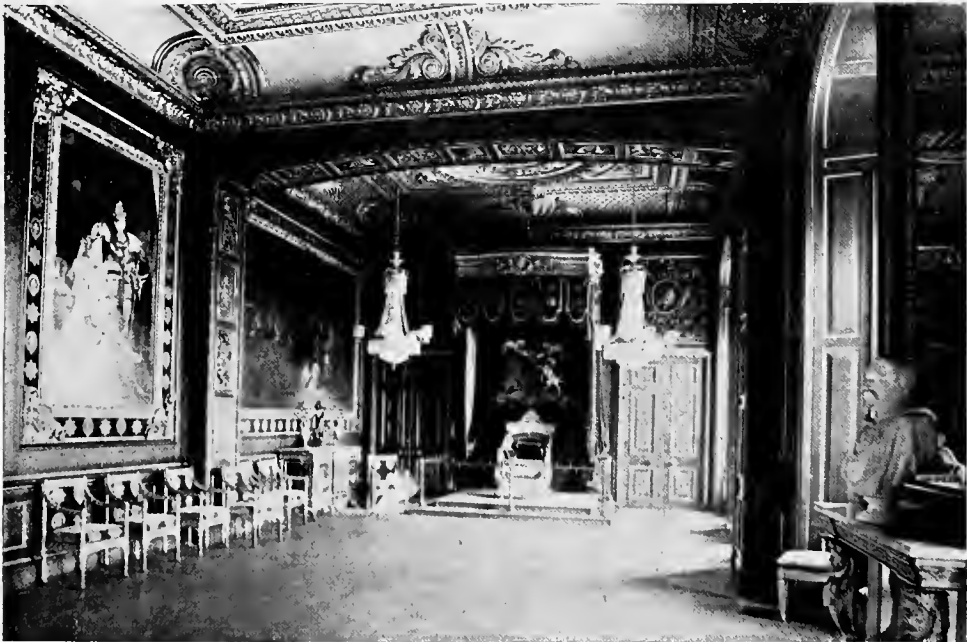
SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1900.

No. 5.

THE RESIDENCE OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

IF you were in London you might take a train on either the Great Western or the London & South-Western Railway, and a journey of twenty-three miles in a south-westerly direction through quiet, ru-

the surrounding walls of the fortress above the large, old trees of the surrounding park. It is only a short distance from the railway station to the entrance of the castle; but as the latter is built upon an eminence, it is



AUDIENCE ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE.

ral districts would take you to the little town of Windsor, noted for its famous castle.

As you approach the town you can see the top of the Round Tower, and parts of

necessary to climb up a steep roadway in order to enter. But if you are at all acquainted with the many historical events connected with this spot, you will think nothing of the little effort it requires to as-

ceed the sloping hillside, even though the day may be warm and sultry. Should you desire to rest before making the entire ascent, you can turn yourself about and enjoy the beautiful scene unfolded at your feet. Within your range of vision are meadow-lands, farms, forests, the river, and the closely-built town with its red-roofed buildings. You may, however, wait until you mount the Round Tower and then take a view of the surrounding country—a scene that can scarcely be surpassed for beauty. The guide will point out to you places of note—the park, a favorite hunting-ground of the nobility in past centuries; the near-by town of Eton, famous for its college, founded by King Henry IV, in 1446; to the north Runnymede, the place where King John met his discontented barons, and where they, in 1215, compelled him to sign the renowned magna charta, an instrument guaranteeing to them certain rights and privileges.

Once inside the inclosure you are impressed with the fact that you are standing on historic ground, and as you view the sights presented and hear the explanations of the guide you can easily picture in your mind the actual occurrences that history tells about as having taken place here in past ages. For many centuries Windsor Castle has been the home of Britain's rulers, and is such at the present day, being one of Queen Victoria's residences. Within its walls princes have been born, wedded and buried; and its gorgeously decorated halls have been the scene of important councils and brilliant receptions.

At first upon entering the gate you may be bewildered with numerous buildings of old time architecture. Rising conspicuously in front of you, and in the very center of the fortified hill is the Round Tower or «Keep.» The keep of a castle is that part which is most securely built and protected. To the right and to the left are clusters of buildings that, although kept in good repair, show evidences of age.

You may wander about at will in the open space to view the exterior of the buildings, but if you wish to enter the apartments that are open to the public a guide will direct you to the strangers' entrance to the state chambers in the north-eastern part of the inclosure. Here you may have to wait until the little party of visitors preceding you are conducted through the building, and another group of visitors of sufficient size is formed.

It would be impossible to describe in a short sketch the various rooms through which the visitors are led. They can only receive passing mention here.

First is the library, containing, besides a great number of volumes, a collection of medals, old, illuminated manuscripts and other interesting relics. You are told that through one of the windows can be seen with the aid of a field glass the spire of the church where the poet Gray wrote his immortal «Elegy.» One little room is pointed out where Queen Anne was sitting when the dispatch announcing the victory of Blenheim was brought to her. Passing on you enter a set of apartments containing cabinets of porcelain. Formerly the sovereign's family lived in these rooms. The Czar Alexander II of Russia was lodged here during his last visit to England. Continuing on your way you enter the Audience Room, a view of which appears with this sketch. It has a throne and canopy, and here the queen has often received embassies of state, who advance up the whole length of the apartment, making their obeisance to the sovereign seated under the canopy. The room is also used upon other state occasions. The grand reception room near by is richly decorated and furnished, and contains costly tapestries.

The Waterloo Gallery, as well as the Vandyke Room which is entered later, contains portraits and other paintings. In the vestibule of the Waterloo Gallery are massed the presents received by Queen Victoria at the time of her jubilee—the completion of her fifty years of rule. The articles are from all

parts of the earth. You pass through Charles II's dining room, and enter the Guard Room, or Armory. Here is a collection of old armor and weapons, some of which is precious on account of costly decorations, and some of historical interest. The queen's old presence chamber and old audience chamber are two fine halls, adorned with French tapestries and paintings, and containing a cabinet of finely-chased brass. St. George's Hall is a banqueting chamber, decorated in the style of the old Norman period. It is still used for great banquets. Other rooms that are open to the public are the queen's private chapel, dining rooms, drawing rooms, the grand corridor, etc.

Once again emerging into the open space you visit the several towers, each having its particular history. Windsor Castle was formerly not only the residence of the reigning monarch but was also used for keeping prisoners. The Devil's Tower, rising over a vault

used as a dungeon in the fourteenth century, is noted as the abode of James I of Scotland, who was detained here as an exile for eighteen years, and finally ransomed by the payment of a large sum of money to his uncle, the duke of Albany, who held all power in Scotland at the time. King John's Tower is where John of France was detained after surrendering on the field of Poitiers.

Space will not permit of even the briefest mention of the other places of interest connected with this famous castle—the numerous towers, St. George's Chapel, Wolsey's tomb, the quaint old buildings of the Horse Shoe Cloister, etc. The whole space within the outer walls covers thirteen acres. Ever since the time of the Norman conquest the chalk cliff upon which the castle stands has been fortified, although many changes have been made by the different rulers who have retained it as a stronghold.



MARCUS KING, MORMON.

I.

FOY and sorrow, hope and fear, mingled their conflicting emotions in the breast of the Reverend Marcus King. He had sat by his writing table all the afternoon; yet not even the outlines of his Sunday sermon were drawn. The sun went down and the pink in the western sky turned to a fiery red which streamed in at the large, open window and flooded the room with its warm color. The pale, nearly haggard face of the young man sitting with his chair turned to the light was bathed in the soft glow.

Marcus King had reached a turning in his

journey of life. That journey had been, up to the present, one of ease, having led him by gentle curves and grades into pleasant places. But now the end of it seemed near; whichever way he turned, a difficulty of some kind faced him.

It had come about in this way: One day as Mr. King was sitting in his study looking up matter for a sermon, he admitted a man who was canvassing the town with religious tracts and books. Mr. King made it a rule to entertain all such who came to him. «If they have a truth to give me,» said he, «why,

God be praised for that; and if they have not, there is no harm done.»

The man who called on him that day was a rare «find,» as he proved to be a «Mormon,» —a real, live «Mormon» such as he had read about, a «Mormon» missionary come prepared with tracts and books to present his doctrine to all who would listen. The missionary found Mr. King a wonderful exception to the usual minister of the Gospel. He had listened attentively to his message, asked numerous questions, and at last had invited the «Mormon» to call again. This was the beginning. Many and long were the talks these two men had after that, until it was well known by the good people of Hungerton that the Reverend Marcus King had the conversion of a «Mormon» missionary in charge. Little did they dream of the true state of things. Little did they think that it was the minister that had been brought face to face with a great truth; one that he could not reason away, try as he would; a mighty truth that stood before him at all times, close his eyes as he would; a truth that he could not simply accept and engraft into his own religion: but a truth so far-reaching and powerful that it seemed to overturn his own and strip him of every vestige of divine authority as a servant of God, and a minister of His word. In short, that is the reason why joy and sorrow, hope and fear mingled in conflicting chaos in his breast that afternoon, when his work was neglected, and tomorrow was the Sabbath. Joy was there because he had found a great truth; sorrow, because of his overturned idols; hope, for his soul's future salvation; fear, because of the opinions of those who were dear to him, and whose lives were intimately connected with his own.

The brightness faded out of the sky, but how deep and unfathomable was the blue that came in its place behind the elms in the garden! The cool evening breeze swept through the window and Marcus leaned back in his chair to enjoy it. An open book lay on the window sill, and at the sound of ap-

proaching footsteps, he hurriedly closed it and placed it in a drawer; but no one came in and he leaned his head again on the cushions of his chair and gazed out at the sky.

He had been a minister of the word scarcely a year, a short year it now seemed to him, filled with many varied and pleasant experiences. First, four years at college. Ah, those were happy years! Then the final preparation for the ministry which his father so fondly hoped he would follow. It was the one wish of his that his son should take his place as pastor over the flock at Hungertown, and now at the early age of twenty-five he had occupied his father's place for nearly a year. The chair he sat in had belonged to his father, the writing table had been his father's work bench for nearly twenty years. The fine library, covering nearly two walls of the room, was his father's collecting; and there above him on the wall hung his portrait, looking down upon him with a smile. What would he say, what would he think of his son, could he know the thoughts that coursed, sometimes like fiery steeds, through his brain? What would he give to be able to talk to his father about these matters, to get counsel from him!

After all, the religion that was good enough for his father ought to be good enough for him. What had saved his father ought certainly to save him. But then, but then, that was not the point. Would his father not have accepted this truth had he been given the chance? Should not truth be accepted anyhow, no matter when, or where, or from whom it came? In former days the condemnation was that light had come into the world, and men would not receive it. Was it not the same today, yes, in all ages of the world?

It was at this point of his reflections that Marcus King's most inner conscience brought to his understanding the fact that he had received an answer to his prayers. Much of the theology he had learned at

college, and that which he was supposed to teach was dim and of doubtful meaning. He had always wished to understand some of those dogmas which he could not unreservedly accept. He saw now that doubt, peace-destroying doubt, had been creeping silently into his soul, and to be perfectly honest with himself he could now no longer close his eyes to the fact. This new light had thrown its searching rays into recesses of his soul that hitherto had been unseen, and he could deceive himself no longer as to his true standing. He had been asking for light and God had sent it to him. Now he must not reject it.

Marcus must have fallen asleep in the quiet twilight, for the tired brain ceased its work, and when he regained consciousness he heard the soft music of the piano in the adjoining room. The door was open and the strains floated in to him.

The melody was a familiar one and he knew by it whose fingers so lightly touched the keys. Presently the music ceased and there appeared in the open doorway the figure of a young woman. She was dressed in white and she held a bunch of great red roses in her hand.

«Am I trespassing?» she asked.

«What a question, Alice. Come in.»

She entered the room and took a seat by the window. He drew his chair up close to her, pinched her chin and then kissed her.

«Your cheeks are full of roses tonight,» said he.

«O, I'm always out in the garden since the roses came. Environment, you know.»

«It's getting dark. I must have had a nap, just before you came.»

«Shall I light the lamp?»

«No; don't. Can there be anything more beautiful than this?»

They moved their chairs closer to the window. There was still a faint blush in the west, and here and there through the trees twinkled the first stars of the night. Neither was very talkative and they sat for some time looking at the sky.

«Alice,» said he—they were close together and he did not need to speak loudly—«you're a pretty good critic. What do you think of this little—well, parable, I call it? I thought to use it in illustrating a point tomorrow:

«A certain man had a beautiful pleasure boat which he launched on the placid waters of a small lake. With him in this boat he took all his relations and a great many of his friends. They had with them also everything in the way of convenience and comfort, and life with them was very pleasant indeed; for strange to say all this little company thought that the little lake on which they sailed back and forth was the only water in the world.

«But one day a man came to the master of the vessel and told him that he and all his company were deceived, and that the lake they were on was but a very small part of the water of the earth; that at considerable distance from them was the mighty ocean teeming with wonders, whose boundless shores were lined with peoples and cities never heard of by them. This stranger took the master and showed him a narrow passage which led out of the lake, and as the master looked he saw that it was filled with rocks, and that at places the current was strong and dangerous. The stranger also examined the vessel and pointed out many weak places in it, and advised the master that if he ever contemplated leaving the (mill-pond,) as he called it, he should get a stronger vessel in which to make the journey.

«Now all this had its effect on the master. He saw the littleness of his and his friends' position, and he longed for the greater knowledge of the vast ocean. But there were the rocks and the waves and the narrow channel. He doubted very much whether his friends would believe in the stranger's words to the extent of following them. The lake was small but it was always still, and even if the vessel was deficient in parts, outwardly it looked secure, and would, no doubt carry them as long as was necessary.

"And so the master pondered much on the matter—until, well, until his lady love came to him and he propounded the question to her of what he should do."

"And further, until his mother came and called him to lunch," said Alice, as she saw Mrs. King appearing in the doorway with a lamp in her hand.

"Excuse me, folks, but it's lunch time, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes, mother, we're coming. Let me close the window, Alice, I feel chilly."

"Marcus," said the mother at the table, "You are studying too hard of late. You look quite haggard tonight. Don't you think so, Alice?"

"I certainly do. He acts so strangely, too."

"O, now, don't you folks worry about me. My vacation next month will bring me around again, won't it, Alice?" But Alice said nothing. He had reference to their wedding trip.

After they had arisen from the table Alice explained to Marcus that she had been sent to get him to visit one of his congregation who was in trouble.

"Yes," said he, "we'll go together. Alice Merton, you ought to be the shepherd of this flock instead of me. Come, put on your wraps."

The streets of Hungerton were full of people enjoying the beautiful evening. The gas lamps flickered dimly in the bright moonlight.

"What do you think of my parable?" he asked.

"I don't understand it," she answered.

"No, it was not a good one. There are better in St. Matthew, especially the one about the merchant finding a pearl of great price, and selling all he had that he might buy it. But whom are we going to see, Alice?"

"Henry Sanford. He's now in the jail."

"What? What's poor Henry done now?"

"He has been raving again, and last night he tried to kill the whole family, himself in-

cluded. It's a pitiable case, and some thought you ought to talk with him. You might do him some good."

"Poor man!" was all Marcus said.

The jailor met them on the courthouse steps and, knowing their errand, he immediately led the way with his lantern. Into the basement and along a corridor they went to where the man was confined. The jailor unlocked the door and they all went in. By the light of the lantern they saw a man sitting on a bed in a corner of the cell. His hands were in fetters. He raised his head as they entered. He was a well-dressed, seemingly intelligent man of about fifty.

"Good evening, Henry," said the minister, advancing to him.

"Good evening, Mr. King," was the calm reply. "If the good jailor will take these pieces of iron from my wrists I will shake hands with you."

Marcus looked inquiringly at the jailor, who shook his head and said: "Couldn't do it, sir. He's all right now, no doubt, but there's no telling when he might become wild again."

The jailor found a seat for Alice, set the lantern on a table and left, saying that he would be close at hand in case he was needed. Marcus sat down on the bedside.

"My poor friend Henry, so you are in trouble again," said the minister. "Can I do anything for you? What seems to be the difficulty this time?"

"Mr. King," said the man, "I'm pleased to see you; but it's too bad that you and Miss Merton should have to visit such a place as this—there, I know you will say that it is all right, but it isn't for all of that. You've no business here, I've no business here. You ought to be whirling in the pleasures of life, I ought to be dead. This cell is too good for me. The grave is my place, and hell is my home, my natural home, sir. In the eternal fitness of things I was meant to dwell there. The great God who created me, who made the universe out of nothing, sir, has a right

to say where I belong. Hell is my natural abode, and Satan is my master; and it's all for the pleasure of God and the manifestation of His glory."

The two shuddered at his words.

"My dear friend, you are mistaken," said Marcus. "God is not such a being as you imagine. (God is Love,) think of what that means. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

"Repentance, did you say? What does that mean to me? To you and your fair lady it may mean something, but to me it has no significance. Listen, sir, listen: by the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. I am one of the latter."

"No, friend, you are not."

"I tell you I am. How do you know I am not? How can anyone know but one's self? I tell you I am one of the damned and I can't help myself. And I'll tell you another thing, friend King, and you can preach it tomorrow: this heritage of mine I have transmitted to my children. They are also heirs of damnation, and non-elect children; and should they live and beget children this heritage will also go to them. But I'll stop it all, sir, I'll put an end to it. Me and mine shall perish from off the face of the earth, and we'll see whether the number of the damned can neither be increased nor diminished."

"Let us go, Marcus," said Alice, "I can stand it no longer."

"He is raving mad. We can do no good. I am too late, too late!" and there was a tremble in Marcus' voice as he said it.

From the jail they went to the unfortunate man's family. The wife was in the greatest distress. She told them how her husband had brooded for a long time on religious questions, and how at last he had used violence against them. "Last night was the worst," she had seen. "When he came home from work, he would have no

supper, but sat glaring like a madman at us all. Suddenly, he sprang to his feet, grasped the bread knife and shouted, 'I'll begin with the youngest!' He made a dash for the baby. In the tumult which followed, the neighbors came in and he was prevented from doing any serious harm; but it was all so awful!"

Marcus could say but little, either to the distracted mother, or to Alice, as they walked home that night. The only remark he made about Henry Sanford was that he had found a rotten plank in the imaginative pleasure boat, and not knowing how to avert the expected disaster, it had turned his mind; but Alice failed to get the meaning of the figure, as she had that of the parable.

The night following the visit to the jail was passed restlessly by Marcus King. He was up with the first gray light in the east, and out into the woods above the town of Hungerton. He loved the freedom and quiet of the forest, besides it was better than to muse in the close library at home. It would not do to undermine his health. With loss of bodily strength might come weakness of spiritual power, and he might be called upon any day now to exercise that to its utmost capacity. The inevitable was before him. He was sure of that. He would have to resign his pastorate, and that at no distant day; but if he would have the power to sell all he had for the pearl he had found, why, that was a thing God only knew.

The birds know the value of the morning. Then they are always out in full force, and that morning they greeted the early visitor with a wild chorus of melody; and Marcus envied the happy little hearts, so free from care and responsibility. Seated at last on a mossy rock, Marcus watched the sun come up. Was his own sun rising or setting? Then he thought of his friend Henry Sanford, confined in a dismal cell, his limbs bound with fetters, and worst of all, deprived of that most precious of gifts, his reason. What had brought him to such a state? Reasoning on religion, his own religion, the religion

which he had been expounding to his hearers. The demented man had repeated one of the articles of the Westminster confession, which was their articles of faith and rule of practice. Some men were predestinated to everlasting life, and others to everlasting death, «and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished.» If that be true, why preach any longer? Of what use were efforts to bring souls unto Christ? The whole number one way or the other had been irrevocably fixed. It was the height of folly for him or any other preacher to try to overturn the fixed decree of the Almighty.

It was an abominable doctrine, and who could tell what misery and pain of spirit it had brought to the human race! Henry Sanford was an example, and was not he, Marcus King the preacher, answerable in part for his condition?

Marcus climbed further up the hill and from a clearing in the forest he saw the town at his feet. It was a beautiful place, and not the least fair was his own home, and the church where he was to preach that very day. The vines had climbed up over the windows, protecting them from the hot

summer sun. The flower beds in the lawn at the side of the church showed the skill of the gardener in the diamonds and circles and crosses. The broad, slowly-flowing river half encircled the town and then disappeared behind the green hills.

And here he was, the Reverend Marcus King, thinking seriously of forsaking all this and becoming a «Mormon.» Think of it, a «Mormon!» One of a despised, hated, and ridiculed sect. Was it worth it? And there was Alice, Alice who loved him, and whom he loved: but she was a good, pure, sensible girl. He would explain it all to her and she would not forsake him. They were to be married next month. With her as his wife the passage through the rocky channel could be borne. If all others forsook him, surely she would not. Thus he reasoned until the church bells rang up from below, and called him back to the present. Once more he would preach. One Sabbath more he would perform his accustomed duty, and that would be the end. So he walked home with that purpose fixed.

Nephi Anderson.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

IRELAND—A DESCRIPTIVE-HISTORICAL SKETCH.

IF the Roman army failed to overrun Ireland, not so the religion of Rome.

As early as 430 A. D. the Pope (Celestine) sent Bishop Paladius to Erin to convert her, but his mission was a failure. After him came the great Saint Patrick, an Irish-Scot by residence, if not a Scot by birth. What may be called the authentic history of

Ireland begins with the life and career of St. Patrick.

Patrick was born in Scotland, and in his early youth he was carried as a slave to Ireland. He escaped to Rome, and rose high in the service of the church. Early in the fifth century he returned to Erin with the object of converting the people to Chris-

tianity. He accomplished his mission completely, and he even made Ireland the great missionary school for the propagation of the faith all over Europe. He built churches and monasteries, and for three centuries after him Ireland was the resort of students and the asylum of learned men. Christianity made such headway that the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture flourished. Ireland became the center and source of whatever learning and civilization existed in Europe during the dark ages. Great schools were founded, notably Clonard in Meath; Lismore on the Blackwater; Clonmacnoise beside the Shannon; Bangor in Down, the last-named having three thousand monks.

On the 17th of March 465, Saint Patrick died, and Irish Catholics on that day in all parts of world turn out in procession to honor his memory.

Columcille, or St. Columba, was the next great Irish saint, and lived in the sixth century. He established a church and a monastery on the west coast of Scotland, and spread the gospel there so widely that he has been styled the «morning star of Scotland's faith.»

Famous among those who went to the continent was Columban, who founded the monastery of Luxeuil in Burgundy; Clements, who, at the request of Charlemagne, founded a monastic school in France, which prepared the way for the Paris University; and Albin, who went to Italy to preside over the St. Augustine monastery at Pavia. But the greatest name was Johannes Scotus, who resided in France, at the court of Charles the Bald, and who died 874 A. D. His greatest work was entitled «The Division of Nature.»

The most momentous event in the history of Ireland was the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1167-72. This took place in the reign of Henry the Second, and is another story of Helen of Troy, and of Virginia, and of the fabulous Florinda, who was said to have been loved not wisely but too well by Rhoderick

the Goth. The king of Leinster,* carried off the wife of the chieftain of Breffni. The injured husband made war upon his wronger; the king of Leinster was getting the worst of it, and fled to England and induced Henry II to lend him countenance and even help. Henry had before this received a bull from Pope Adrian IV (an Englishman) authorizing him to assume authority over Ireland, in order that Ireland might be made more submissive to the ecclesiastical direction of Rome. Henry now took the opportunity offered him by the fugitive king of Leinster, and allowed Richard Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, to organize the «Free Companions» invasion of Ireland, and afterwards came over himself to finish the conquest. The Irish kings and chiefs fought fiercely, but the Anglo-Normans were far better armed; in fact the story of the Norman invasion of England was told over again in Ireland. Henry styled himself the «Lord of Ireland» and organized the country after the Norman fashion. He divided the island into counties, and set up the Courts, King's Bench, Pleas, and Exchequer in Dublin. He made huge grants of land to his favorite Norman barons, leaving them to hold the granted land in the best way they could. So began the great land struggle in Ireland, which has lasted down to our own days.

The history of Ireland for a long time after the settlement of the Normans is nothing but a recital of the struggles between the Norman barons and Irish chieftains, and the struggles between one Irish chieftain and another. The Norman or English barons lived within their own domains, and administered affairs on the feudal system. Outside were the Irish who still strove hard to keep up their own laws, their own customs, and their own civilization. English law did not extend any protection to them. They had no rights which an Englishman was bound to recognize. By the time Henry VII came to the

*One of the four kings of Ireland.



LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

throne the greater part of the island was in the hands of the invaders. During the reign of Henry VIII, the church lands were all confiscated. The title «King of Ireland» was conferred on him. A weary chapter of struggle followed the death of Henry VIII. He did his best to compel the Irish people to give up the faith of Rome and adopt the new faith of Luther.

The shades of evening are gathering around us like a curtain, and it is time to return. From the Causeway we go direct to Dublin, the capital city of Ireland. It is the center of the political, ecclesiastical, and military enterprises of the kingdom. It is the residence of the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and it claims a high antiquity, the claim being that it has been in existence since the time of Ptolemy. In the ninth century it was taken by the Danes; and in 1169 was captured by the English. The city is divided into two parts by the river Liffey, which is spanned by nine bridges.

From Dublin we go to the lakes of Killarney in the center of County Kerry. These are three connected lakes. The largest contains thirty islands, and covers an area of fifteen square miles. The beautiful scenery along the lakes consists in the gracefulness of the mountain outlines, and the rich and varied colorings of the wooded shores. In contemplating the beauty and grandeur of the scene we are overawed, and words cannot express the feelings of admiration for the handiwork of the Almighty that this scene inspires.

A favorite means of transportation in Ireland, in fact the only one in some parts, is the well-known jaunting car, a good representation of which accompanies this article.

The next point of interest is the city of Cork, at one time the second city in Ireland. The relics and antiquities of Erin are treasured here, and five miles from Cork is the far-famed Blarney Castle. To kiss the Blarney Stone is the ambition of every tourist,



IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

and we succumbed. The stone is in the tower of the old castle, and the lips which touch it are believed to be thereafter ever smooth, persuasive and eloquent. The beautiful scenery surrounding the castle is beyond description. This being our first visit to the south of Ireland, we spend a few days here to study the people. We find a deplorable state of ignorance and poverty exists among them. The land is barren in many places, and the system of landlordism in vogue seems to have killed the ambition of the people. To improve a holding is to increase the rent. To increase the rent means eviction—as the land is taxed to its limit. At the present time evictions are few, but at the time of our visit they were a daily occurrence. Thousands died of exposure and want. The conqueror had done his worst. He had robbed the people of their land and through a most iniquitous system of tenant-farming the people were stripped of everything they produced.

It is wrong to judge Irishmen from those among them who have been depraved by years of oppression and poverty. Even the poorest Irishmen, notwithstanding their abject condition, still retain excellent qualities. They love each other, assist one another in misfortune, and always keep their cabin door hospitably open. Little suffices for their wants, and they can be gay even when deprived of the things that make life easy. The least benefit conferred upon them lives ever after in their memory. Being very imaginative, they are not always careful of the truth; they are, nevertheless, sincere, and religiously keep their word when once it has been pledged.

The natives of Connemara are of almost gigantic stature, with fine limbs and strong muscles. The men of Tipperary, though smaller, are no less strong, and are distinguished for their agility and grace. Even Englishmen admit that most Irishwomen who

are able to lead a life of ease are of more distinguished appearance than their own countrywomen. There are few countries in Europe whose women possess so much true dignity and self respect. In many districts of Ireland even the peasant women, notwithstanding the hard labor they perform, are indebted to their race for noble features and a proud carriage which invariably attract attention.

Irish «bulls» are often a sort of amusement, but for all this, Irishmen are very shrewd. Naturally intelligent and of an inquiring mind, they attend school with diligence. The Irish are vehement in their language, ardent in attack, and smart in repartee. They excel in flights of fancy, and readily find words to answer an opponent.



BLARNEY CASTLE.

Bravery is a quality common to all Irishmen; they have supplied the armies of England with some of its most famous leaders, and from them its ranks are largely recruited.

A higher standard of morality exists in Ireland than in England or Scotland. In 1897 the proportion of illegitimate births was 7.0 per cent in Scotland; 4.2 per cent in England, and 2.6 per cent in Ireland of the total births of that year. There were five hundred and fifty-four more convictions for crime in Scotland in 1897 than in Ireland, the latter having the larger population, and eight thousand more policemen.

The famous legend of a lady, richly dressed, who made a tour through the island without the least fear of harm, is thus beautifully told by the poet Moore:—

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

«Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lonely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?»

«Sir, Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin's will offer me harm:
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir knight! they love honor and virtue more.»

We now return to Belfast to take up our missionary labors. The Gospel was first introduced into Ireland by Apostle John Taylor on the 27th of July, 1840. He visited many places on the island, especially in the north. When he first preached at Lurgan he was pelted with potatoes, and it is said by some of the old people who heard him that he prophesied that they wouldn't have potatoes to throw next year, and it came true.

A number of branches of the Church were established, and throughout Utah are to be found faithful Latter-day Saints who heard the Gospel in Ireland in the early 40's and 50's. The work, however, declined, because of the bitter spirit of opposition, and for a number of years no Elders visited Ireland. In 1884 Elders Robert Marshall and George Wilson were sent to Belfast to preach, and before the end of that year forty-seven baptisms had taken place through their efforts. Today the Irish mission is in a flourishing condition. Over one hundred Saints have emigrated since the branch was established in Belfast. In the opinion of the writer much more might have been accomplished had Irishmen been chosen to preach the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen.

John M. Hayes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

V.—THE CLASS TEACHER.

THE value of personal appearance has not, perhaps, been always fully appreciated among those who engage in Sunday School work. And yet the make-up in the dress of the teacher has far-reaching consequences to the student's life. Young boys are very apt to be careless and often they are slovenly in their habits; and along with careless habits come inferior morals and a degenerating conduct. Who has not noticed that those boys who play the part of a loafer on the street corner and indulge in habits that destroy the character and integrity of manhood, are boys indifferent to their personal appearance? Indeed it may be said in a general way that feelings of cleanliness and purity are very closely related, and a boy's conduct will be in some measure related to his habits of dress.

I am aware that it would be unfortunate to cultivate in our youth feelings of vanity; but the danger does not lie in that direction: it lies in suffering boys to become negligent and careless in their personal habits. Dress, then, is a part of the discipline of our lives. It represents those personal qualities that characterize men and women in all the ranks and stations of life. I do not mean to say that people are to be judged by their dress, for undoubtedly men of the highest purity and stability of character may have unseemly habits and ungainly appearance. At the same time many such men lack mental discipline; they lack order, and this general principle is evident in the advancement of civilization. The more perfect a race becomes, and the more intelligent and powerful, the greater the importance of personal appearance; so that along the lines of progress and civilization there can be distinctly seen improvement in the dress and general make-up of the man by which certain personalities relating to the order and discipline of his life are manifest.

What we want, then, of our boys is that they cultivate the highest degree of self-respect; that they dress in consonance with the character of their labor, and under all circumstances be in accord with the requirements of the Sabbath day.

A clean, tidy, well-dressed boy finds a pleasure in the Sabbath that is not found by the untidy and unkempt boy whose chief attraction is to loaf on the street corner. What the boy needs on the Sabbath morning in his class recitation is an object lesson bearing on this part of his life. The method of the recitation requires that his eyes should be fixed upon his teacher, who stands before him as an embodiment of that manhood or womanhood which he most admires and which he will always be disposed to imitate. The Sunday School teacher should, therefore, give particular attention to his personal appearance. I do not mean that his dress should be of an expensive kind, but it should display, at least, some reverence for the Sabbath day, and his calling as a teacher should demand that he endeavor to represent that principle which it is hoped his students will aim to cultivate throughout life.

The teacher's dress need not be rich, but it should be clean; the shoes need not be made of patent leather, but they should be polished; the hands need not be covered with rings, but they should be clean. An attractive necktie, carefully pressed clothes, and a general personal appearance indicating respect for the Sabbath, will always make an impression upon the Sunday School class. I suspect that there has been among some Sunday School teachers too much contempt for these amenities of dress. What is true in this respect for the teacher who deals with young boys, is equally impressive with respect to the lady teacher whose attractions for the little children may be greatly enhanced by an effort to attract to her person the attention

of the little ones. What admiration may be found in a flower or a piece of pretty ribbon! These little decorations of the person create an enjoyable feeling in the minds of the children, and if modestly employed they may be of far-reaching consequence in Sunday School work. These attentions and amenities of the dress indicate an orderly mind and refined taste, and especially a love for the beautiful.

Besides, these attentions of the person command respect and dignify the instructions of the teacher. Good discipline concentrates the attention of the class upon the teacher. The teacher is there to be looked at, and will be looked at and perhaps scrutinized, and if the child receives no other good from the recitation, he may, at least, have awakened within him a feeling of pride and cleanliness which may lead to order and refinement in his own life.

A little discretion may often be wisely exercised in the selection of a class teacher, especially a lady teacher, whose personal attractions are, perhaps, more consequential to the uplifting of a child than those of a man. I think every lady teacher should have some natural personal attraction, an attraction that may create feelings of inspiration and emulation in the little ones, who will naturally enough be governed in a large measure in the cultivation of their habits by her appearance and the qualities of her person as they behold them in the Sabbath School class. Her attractions may not always consist of a beautiful face, of a musical voice, or of an attractive person, but there should be in her something to which the genial and happy dispositions of childhood can give response. There should be in her some charm; it may be the music of the voice, the language of the eye, the carriage of the body, or the sweetness of disposition that renders her association with the little ones pleasurable to them. Anything that may possibly be repulsive to the children in the personal appearance of the teacher should be overcome or removed.

The Sunday School teacher should enter the class with the fullest realization that his or her personal appearance is an important factor in a good recitation, for the Sabbath School is intended to cultivate good taste as well as good morals, and the cultivation of the one will always be helpful to the other. Sunday School is intended to refine, to make our lives and natures more beautiful; and whatever contributes to the personal qualities of manhood or womanhood should be carefully cultivated by the Sunday School teacher. A valuable lesson may sometimes be lost by the absence of these fundamental requirements. When the general make-up in dress bears traces of carelessness, untidiness or uncleanness, the student's sense of the proprieties and amenities of life is shocked. All harmony of ideas which should exist in the relationship of the teacher to the subject and the occasion is then destroyed.

If dress affects, and it does affect, discipline in the army, in business avocations, and in public life, may we not reasonably believe that it also affects the discipline which belongs to the Sabbath day, and which is of far-reaching importance to the teacher in the school?

In a word, we must command respect before we can command attention, and attention it is that has so much to do with all that is desirable in the discipline of the Sabbath School. In conclusion I would say that it is not only desirable that the teacher should give particular attention to his or her personal appearance, but the teacher should also manifest an appreciation for the same when found in the child. Order, tidiness, and cleanliness in dress may be cultivated without cultivating extravagance. They may be encouraged without entailing material expense. In cultivating the importance of personal appearance in students much tact is often required to avoid offense, *but a proper example is first of all necessary.*

J. M. Tanner.

STORIETTES.

From the Classes in English, Brigham Young Academy, Provo.

GOVERNOR DALE.

NO heart was ever more glad than that of Victor Dale when he received a letter from his Aunt Carrie, stating that he might come and live with her and attend the Belfast high school.

He was now sixteen years of age. He had completed the eight grades of the district school, but it had not been without earnest endeavor and application; for his parents were both dead and he had to make his way alone.

He cared little for fun or frivolities, was large, rather awkward, but sympathetic and kind. His large, blue eyes and well-shaped though somewhat bony features, told of his frankness and determination.

When he reached the city, his cousin Irvine, a boy of about his own age, was greatly disappointed in him; for he had expected to find him a dudish companion.

Irvine noticed that his cousin was awkward and bashful, and lost no opportunity to torment him. This mischievous chap and his two companions had tried almost every available means to make their guest angry.

They hid his books, cut off his hair while he was asleep, locked him in his room half the day, Sunday—yet they were unsuccessful; and Victor had resolved they should be, even if they kept it up all the year.

Things were fast reaching a climax when Victor changed his habits and remained at the school building to study instead of coming home as usual. The boys grew almost desperate and resolved that they would do something that would, as they termed it, «rouse his Irish.»

One cold evening they set to work to concoct a scheme that would be effectual.

«What can it be?» they asked. «I know,» said Henry. «He has to cross the mill-race foot-bridge tonight about dark. Let's take a plank up and let him in.»

«Capital!» cried the others in chorus, and they at once started to execute their plan.

After the plank had been successfully removed they hid themselves near by to watch for their victim.

Presently in the early twilight they saw a figure approaching, and with smothered chuckles awaited the result. Thoughtfully and slowly moved the unsuspecting form. When in the center of the bridge—crash! Down he went. But see, he clings to the other plank, and a voice, not Victor's, calls, «Help! help!»

The boys in terror ran away lest they should be found out.

The man's feet are already in the water. True, it is not deep but so cold that it is hard to tell what may not result from an entire wetting.

He is growing tired; his hands at last release their grasp; he falls into the stream. But his cries have not been unheard; for Victor, panting and pale, plunges in, and in an instant has the cramped form of his schoolmaster in his arms; and with almost superhuman strength lifts him up the bank, then dripping and cold himself, climbs out. He then hails a passing hack and takes his rescued charge home, where he is properly cared for.

Victor made daily visits to Mr. Cole until he was again able to do his duty. Meanwhile the aged professor became attached to his rescuer, and after ascertaining that he had no home, invited him to live with him until he should complete his course. Professor Cole next sent him east to college where he studied law. In that profession he was very successful. Victor is now governor of a state, a position he well deserves.

It was not until the last year that Governor Dale found that the trap in which the teacher fell had been set for him.

His cousin, while dining with him, told him

the whole story, and confessed that the incident had been the turning point in his own life as well as in that of the Governor.

Hannah Cropper.



FRED'S STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

Fred White had attended only crowded, country schools, but, in the spring of '97, he determined to go to college. His father was not in a position to help him, but this fact did not discourage the boy, for he had made up his mind to go upon his own responsibility.

After trying for some time to get work near home, he heard of a railroad that was being built on the Colorado river, near the boundary between Utah and Arizona. A few weeks later he reached the camp and asked for employment. At first the contractor hesitated, for the boy was young and undeveloped; but upon noting the integrity and firmness of his features, he concluded to give him a trial.

Next morning, with the energy and promptness that characterized his life, Fred went to work. Not many days had passed when the foreman was heard to say, "That stripling, White, has good mettle in him. He will make a mark in life if he continues."

The work was hard and the weather hot; but our friend was so much interested in the thought of going to school that he paid little attention to difficulties in the way.

Tom Sloam, a gruff, burly fellow with a great deal of muscle and not much brain, had charge of the little company to which Fred belonged, and seemed to fancy that the boy was hired to be his lackey, and therefore put all the extra work on him he could.

Fred was naturally quick-tempered and would maintain his rights in any crowd; but here he seemed to have lost all power of resentment. When the harsh treatment became almost unbearable he would console himself by saying, "Well, it is all for the

sake of school! I can afford to suffer for such a prize as that."

Thus hoping he toiled on, until late in August, without receiving a cent of remuneration; when he began to fear he would never get any. Then he thought, "My precious hope will be in vain."

One afternoon as he was working away, tired and somewhat discouraged, Sloam again began taunting and insulting him. Feeling that he could not endure it longer, he threw down his shovel and declared that he would not work with such a set of men another day. Then he carefully weighed the matter in his mind, and finally decided to go home, as he could not afford to work for board and insults.

The foreman had been called away and had left the affairs of the camp with Mr. Clawson, who, laughing at the boy's request for wages, said, "Why, there's no money in Colorado."

The cook, however, was his friend, and to him Fred said: "I am going home. If ever Mr. Clawson gets any money for me, retain enough to pay you for the trouble and send the rest to my address in Utah."

Knowing full well the conditions, Mr. Sury did not urge the lad to remain; but after giving him a lunch and a small canteen of water, bade him good-by with the assurance that the money would be sent.

Thus equipped, Fred started for home, a distance of two hundred miles, sixty-five of which was across the trackless Escalante desert. The first night he spent with some travelers who told him of a short cut out of the canyon; and, trusting to their knowledge of the country, he decided to take that route. It was a winding path leading higher and higher among the rocky cliffs; and Fred hoped soon to be on top. He noticed, however, that the path seemed to be getting narrower and narrower; but he expected, as he reached a point a few steps ahead, to have it widen again. As he cautiously turned the corner, imagine, if you can, his

horror at finding the trail suddenly terminating, without sufficient room for him to turn and retrace his steps.

Not daring to look into the yawning abyss below, he fixed his eyes upon the almost perpendicular granite wall above him, and concluded that his only chance for life was to scale that awful height. Was it not the guiding star of his life to look up and to rise above obstacles?

A short time before, his feet being tired, he had taken off his shoes and thrown them over his shoulder. For this act he was very thankful now.

Forcing from his mind all thoughts of his position, he carefully searched out the niches that might afford a foothold and began the perilous ascent. With great effort and caution he drew himself from one narrow projection to another, until finally, with almost superhuman effort, he reached the top.

As the reality of his position was, for the first time, given place in his thoughts it caused a tremor that even the strongest and bravest could not have withstood. But the thoughts of home and the much-loved school buoyed him up, and after a short rest he again trod on.

How changed is the scene! No more rocky cliffs and great gulches, but a broad expanse of level land instead. Oh, the loneliness of that view! Not a tree, not a blade of grass, to break the monotony of the parched alkali desert; not a sign of life, except now and then a lonely lizard darting under cover as if seeking refuge from the blistering sun.

As Fred walks on and the hot gusts of wind strike him, his thirst becomes intense, but he fears to gratify it as he has only two quarts of water for all his long journey. All day long he wanders on, not knowing the direction pursued, except as he judges from the position of the sun. Little by little the canteen is drained; darkness approaches, still there is no thought of rest. For who would dare to lie down alone on such a

waste, where, perhaps, human foot had never trodden before?

Guided by the stars, he passed the long, dreary hours of the night in that constant, steady tramp.

With the light of dawn, oh, how joyous a sight greeted his eyes! Away to the north a smoke is seen curling toward the sky. What a flood of hope springs in the weary breast! What wonderful pictures of the future now flit before him! He fancies himself starting for college with his mother's blessing, and then her joy upon his return after graduation.

But who can judge of distance on the desert?

Eagerly the wanderer pushes forward, but the space seems to grow no less. Again the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon him and that burning thirst within grows more and more intense. Unable to go any farther he drops in the sand and pleads with God, as he has done many times before, to spare his life and give him strength to get home.

Buoyed up by the divine influence that follows prayer, he urges his weary body on once more, until within a few hundred yards of the camping place, when he falls panting to the earth and consciousness takes its flight.

Poor, worn-out soul! What need of an education now! What dreams now of mother and home!

A member of the camp, seeing a lone person approach and fall to the ground, hurried to see what was the matter. After carrying the apparently lifeless form to the wagon, he administered water spoonful by spoonful, and carefully nursed the boy until he was restored to life again.

As the travelers were going in the direction of Fred's home, he accompanied them and after a few days arrived under his mother's roof in safety.

Although Fred did not receive the hard-earned money from the railroad, yet in less

than six weeks he was on his way to the Brigham Young Academy.

He had only thirty dollars to start with;

but he is still there, and expects to remain until he has completed his studies.

Hannah Grover.



"AM NOT I IN SPORT?"

PLEASE, Teacher, may I exchange desks with Jennie Stillwell?"

Miss Leigh, teacher in the seventh grade in the Central school, looked at the speaker in blank surprise. Ruth Bell was the smallest, youngest, most petted girl in the room, and her desk was next to that of Delis Carman, her chosen friend.

"Why Ruth, dear, what is wrong? You have a very good seat, and Delis will be sorry to have you leave her side, you know."

"No, Teacher," replied Ruth, with a little grieved quiver of the lips, "Delis will be glad to be rid of me."

"Is it possible that you and Delis have quarreled? I thought you and she loved each other like twin sisters."

Ruth's lips twitched still more tremulously, and a tear gathered in her soft, dark eyes, but she summoned all the dignity for which her little ladyship was so much admired, and said in a voice which trembled only a very little:

"I have loved her very dearly, but that was when I believed that she always spoke the truth."

"Ruth, dear," said Miss Leigh in a shocked voice, "I hope you do not intend to accuse Delis of speaking untruths."

"I did not mean to mention it, Teacher, but she has been saying some very unkind things about me, which I know are not true; and if you will allow me to take another seat, I will not say any more about it."

"Ruth, excuse me for speaking bluntly, but I do not believe it. Some one is either making a great mistake, or wilfully plotting mischief. Don't let yourself be deceived."

Ruth's face for one moment relaxed into its usual sweet smile at the thought that possibly there was some mistake, and she turned partly around to look at her seat mate. The face of Delis happened to be turned toward her at the moment, and her eyes met those of Ruth in a glance of cold scorn and were at once withdrawn. A wave of color flowed all over Ruth's face, and she said with indignant emphasis, taking up her teacher's last words, "I'll never speak to Delis again! I don't believe Mary Allen lied to me!"

"So it was Mary Allen, was it, Ruth? I had a better opinion of her, but trust me, dear, there is some mistake. It is time now to be seated; and I wish you to keep your own place today, because by tomorrow you and Delis would not be separated for any consideration."

School work went on as usual, but the "Twins of the Seventh," as Delis and Ruth were called, kept that exaggerated good order that is worse than disorder. No sly borrowing of pencils and pens, no common use of penknife or blotter, not even a telegraphic glance; only cold, formal, precise order.

At recess both pupils and teacher filed out of the room as usual, and no sooner had they reached the well-kept lawn, than Delis Carman approached Miss Leigh with a re-

quest similar to Ruth's. She wished to leave the side of «that little tattler.»

Delis was fair as a lily, with eyes blue as violets, a quick temper and nervous temperament. She was a year older and several inches taller than her «twin,» and far more excitable. Being out of doors, she gave herself more freedom of speech, and expressed her opinion of Ruth with startling plainness.

Her teacher drew her apart from the rest, and argued with her much as she had before argued with Ruth; but Delis seemed even more stubborn and unyielding.

Angry tears sparkled in her eyes and her fingers clasped and unclasped nervously while she poured forth her grievance.

«I did think Ruth could be trusted to speak the truth, Miss Leigh; and since I have found out she can't, I have no use for her! I wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole, and I don't want to sit anywhere near her! Please let me have another seat—that's all I ask.»

«Quiet yourself, Delis, and listen to me. Ruth came to me with the same complaint and request, and I told her, as I tell you, there is some mistake. Don't let any other person make mischief between you two who have been such good friends. Is it true that you have said unkind things of her?»

«Not until after I was told what fibs she had told of me.»

«Who told you?»

«I'd rather not tell that, Teacher.»

«I would not ask it, only that I know who told Ruth you had said unkind things of her, and I feared it might be the same person. In that case, you would depend less on the truth of what you were told; would you not?»

«Certainly, Teacher; and it was Mary Allen who told me.»

«The very same. Now, dear, be fair. Go to Ruth and ask her about it; and I promise you the truth will come to the surface.»

The bell rang, and all filed indoors again. Lessons went on as before, and still Delis and Ruth did not look at each other. Miss Leigh, who was covertly watching them, saw no

signs of relenting, and wondered if these two sweet, lovely girls would, through pure obstinacy, lose the beautiful friendship that had hitherto made them so happy, and so charming in the eyes of others. Mary Allen was present, and looked as unconscious of harm as puss does after killing a mouse.

At the noon intermission all the boys and girls filed out, and the clouds were not yet lifted. Miss Leigh did not leave the building, so she was in her place when the students returned from luncheon. She did not catch sight of her «twins» until nearly one o'clock; and then, as she was bending over some ruling in a notebook, two kisses alighted at the same moment on her two cheeks; and looking up she saw Delis on her right and Ruth on her left, beaming like two stars, blushing like two roses, and smiling like two sweet angels.

«Oh! Teacher,» said Delis, all a-tremble with joy, «I am so glad I took your advice. Ruth did not say such things as Mary told me.»

«And I am so glad I did as you told me,» said Ruth, «for it made me wretched to think so meanly of Delis.»

«And we want to thank you for your good advice, Teacher,» added Delis. «We might never have found out our mistake without it, and that would have been so bad!»

«All right, my dears,» said Miss Leigh, «and let me caution you never to be too ready to believe evil things you hear whispered about others, which you would wish them not to believe if said of you; for, as the proverb says, «A whisperer separateth chief friends.»»

«I shall never forget it,» said Delis.

«Won't you do us another kindness, Teacher?» asked Ruth. «We want to know why Mary Allen said what she did, but we hate to ask her because we may blame her too hard—scold maybe—and we don't want to scold anybody now. Would you be kind enough to speak to her about it, Teacher?»

«Yes, dears; it is right that I should; but I must take my own time about it, and you must say nothing. Now go to your desks, and be happy as usual.»

The whole class had been pitying Delis and Ruth all the morning for looking so miserable, and when called in for the afternoon, it did not take longer than a minute for all the boys and girls to see that the sunshine on their faces had dispelled the clouds; and although too well-behaved to make any other demonstration, dozens of congratulatory smiles were darted at them from all parts of the room.

Mary Allen, however, was unusually grave and busy. She did not glance at the «twins» except stealthily, and seemed ill at ease.

When the afternoon session ended, and the file of students passed the teacher's desk, two slips of paper fell from the hands of Delis and Ruth upon the desk. When she had time to read them she found they were two neatly written quotations from the Bible. The first was in the hand writing of Ruth and read:

Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments.—*Psalms cxix: 164.*

The second was another quotation, by Delis:

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.—*Matthew v: 9.*

«Bless those sweet girls;» murmured Miss Leigh, kissing the two slips of paper. «How lovely of them to thank me in this way!»

«Teacher,» said a low voice at her elbow, «Teacher»—and a sob drowned other words. There stood Mary Allen, sad and tearful and trembling like a leaf.

«Well, Mary, you are the third girl who

has come to me in tears today. Sit down, dear, and tell me what troubles you.»

«Oh, Teacher, Ruth and Delis have both told you how bad I've been to get them into trouble about nothing; but I did not think they'd take it so hard—I really didn't.»

«But, Mary, is it true that you told tales from one to the other, all about nothing?»

«Yes, I did, but I only wanted to have a little fun at their expense, I was only in fun.»

«Well, have you had fun?» asked Miss Leigh, gently.

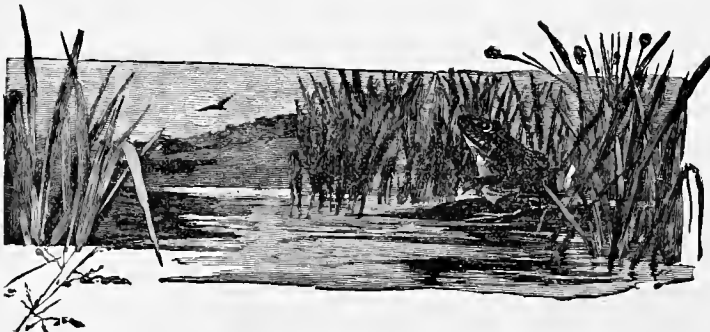
«Oh, no, no. Not a bit of fun. Delis and Ruth took it so hard, and were so frightfully angry with each other, and you have seemed to forget me today—I have been just miserable. Won't you forgive me, and ask them to, for I can't bear it, Teacher;» and truly poor Mary looked miserable.

Her teacher talked with her about how wrong it is to tell untruths for fun, how small it is to be a tattler and mischief-maker, and finding her truly sorry, promised to help her make it right.

She then showed her the two lovely quotations by which the «twins» had so gracefully told their gratitude, and copied out for Mary another, which she promised to keep long and study faithfully:

As a mad man who casteth fire brands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor, and saith, Am not I in sport?—*Proverbs xxvi: 18, 19.*

Lu Dalton.



A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA.

IV.—WHITE HORSE RAPIDS TO DAWSON.

THE banks on either side of the river below White Horse rapids rise abruptly for one hundred feet or more, and the plateau extends back for many miles, terminating in the gradual slopes of the mountain ranges. The current here is quite rapid and we are soon out into Lake Labarge, a body of water extending about fifty miles north and south by ten miles in its widest parts. Another post is established on the left bank as one goes north, and an Indian village is to the north-west, about ten miles distant. One young native has a store here and supplies his tribe with goods of various kinds.

Lake Labarge is the roughest lake on this route; lying as it does in a vast open country, it is exposed to winds from all quarters. At the termination of this lake we enter Fifty Mile river, much of which is dangerous from so many immense boulders lying just hidden beneath the surface of the water. These cannot be detected except with difficulty, and scows and steamers are often wrecked on them.

Arriving as Five Fingers rapids we encounter some excitement owing to the upsetting of a scow of cattle and the drowning of four men. These rapids are made by a break in a cliff of rocks extending across the valley at this point, and the waters have worn themselves down until, on the right shore facing down stream, the rock is perpendicular one hundred feet, with an opening about two hundred feet wide, then a rock of some height, another opening and another rock and another opening with a sloping left shore. The extreme right hand channel is the only safe one to enter. This has been found out to the sorrow of many a poor fellow who has lost his all at these rapids.

After a quick ride for a few hours we are at the Rink rapids, which are easily passed

by keeping well to the right, while the left is extremely dangerous. Near this point large copper deposits have been discovered. They are now controlled by a wealthy company, who expect to put machinery on them with which to operate them at once.

The country now opens out more extensively and one must see it to appreciate its vastness. At the terminus of Fifty-Mile river we arrive at the junction of this and the Hoodalingria or Teslin, forming the Lewis, into which empty the Big and Little Salmon, and numerous other streams from both sides. At Harper's, now Fort Selkirk, is the junction of the Lewis and Yukon proper and now we are upon that mighty river.

Selkirk is a Canadian post with every accommodation for eight hundred men at least, and here in the far north all kinds of garden «sass» of the early and hardy kinds grow for table use. This may also be said of every place on this route where any considerable mining has been done. The miners take seeds of various kinds and plant small plats near by and their success induces others to take up the business for profit. Hay in large quantities may be cut in numerous places along this route. A splendid variety of wild timothy and red top grows to a height of three and four feet.

Passing the upper ramparts to the junction of the Stewart and White rivers with the Yukon, we also arrive at the junction of the different trails to the interior—the Stickeen, Taku, White Pass and Chilkat routes all join at the junction of Fifty-Mile and Teslin rivers, and the Copper river route at this point. All these routes have their heart-rending history, much of which will never be told. There is a very material increase in the size of the Yukon after the junction of Stewart and White, the latter of which comes in from the west and the former from the east

From here to Dawson we pass Indian and Sixty-Mile rivers and many other smaller streams. The Klondike river flows into the Yukon from the east. It is about one hundred and forty miles in length and passes between old and new Dawson, where it empties into the Yukon, which right here runs directly north until it passes the town, when it turns abruptly to the west-north-west.

The fabulous wealth of the Klondike is taken from the tributaries of that stream which run in from the south—Bonanza, Eldorado, Gold Bottom, Bear and Sulphur being the most prominent and the richest. White Quartz, Dominion, and Eureka creeks are over the ridge and run to the south and empty into Indian river. The formation of this whole district is quartz, iron, schist and serpentine, which has undergone great changes. It appears that at some time the hills about Dawson have been very much higher and have disintegrated and have crumbled down until we have the low hills of the present. The values now found have thus been gathered into the gulches where the precious metal has lain awaiting discovery.

A peculiarity of this section are the bench and creek claims. At one point high up on the hillside are fabulously rich finds made, while opposite these rich spots and in the bottom of the gulch, it is not so rich. Where it is rich in the gulch it is not so rich on the hillside. This seems to indicate that the river bed at some time ran over the hills but has later cut down in the gulches. In the shafts, which are sunk to a depth of forty, sixty and ninety feet, clear glacier ice is found at various depths, and the ground is

frozen the entire depth, except from four to ten feet at the surface which thaws out in summer and enables a dense growth of timber and vegetation to subsist.

Truly this vast region of the north has undergone a glacial period, from which it is now emerging and in the future many uses will be made of this land. Evidences are plentiful of the existence of the mastodon at some remote period. His bones lie here in profusion. On Eldorado an ivory tusk was found sixty feet beneath the surface, while sinking a shaft, which had to be sawed off to get it out of the frozen ground, yet it measured six inches in diameter and was six feet long and weighed about three hundred pounds. Undoubtedly this end of the earth was once a warmer climate and vegetation and animals have thrived luxuriantly. When it passed into the frozen period all was destroyed. It has now reached a period of increasing productiveness and seeds of fruit and tree, grass and shrub have been preserved to germinate and cover the land again. Here may be found the strawberry, cranberry, huckleberry, blueberry, currant and blackberry, flowers of all colors, together with the pine, spruce, cedar, togalder, maple and birch. The beautiful white birch which we admire so much in our lawns and gardens, grows in this far north to a large tree.

With the discovery of gold in the north, who shall say that the great highway promised shall not be cast up! Surely the ice has melted down, so that it can be done! Truly "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!"

O. S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



GENERAL TOM THUMB.

SMALLER dwarfs have been known, but none brighter or more intelligent than our tiny Yankee, who was never

more than three feet tall. He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1832, or thereabouts, of "poor but honest parents." His

real name was Charles S. Stratton; and although his relatives always called him Charley, he was known to the world at large as the one and only General Tom Thumb.

Under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum, our small hero traveled all over and all around the earth, making two colossal fortunes, one for himself and one for his manager.

When Mr. Barnum first saw the midget he was not two feet high, and weighed less than sixteen pounds. Mr. Barnum wrote of him: «He was the smallest child I ever saw who could walk alone; he was a perfectly formed, bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, and he enjoyed the best of health.» He was very shy, but after some coaxing he was induced to talk, and his answers were so clever that the great showman determined to secure the prodigy for his museum in New York. On Thanksgiving Day, 1842, he was ready to make his first public appearance. His performances were so successful that his salary jumped to seven, then to twenty-five, and finally to fifty dollars a week; and on January 18, 1844, he set sail for Europe to try his fascinations on kings and queens and princes.

Tom Thumb's performances at the Princess theatre made such a «hit» that Mr. Barnum next engaged Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, whither thronged many visitors of rank and fashion.

Three years passed from the time of Tom Thumb's leaving New York to his return. He had visited every place of importance in England, Scotland, France, and Belgium. For over two years he and Mr. Barnum had been equal partners; and when, in February, 1847, the General landed on his native shores, he had become a richer, if not a larger, dwarf.

On arriving at New York, Tom immediately commenced a four weeks' engagement at the museum, and drew more visitors than had ever been seen there before.

The party now started out to make a tour of the United States. They traveled north,

south, east and west, and everywhere the golden shower continued to fall.

In the year 1856 Mr. Barnum, owing to unfortunate investments, lost his entire fortune. His friends rallied round him, and he received the following characteristic letter from his little friend:

JONES' HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1856.

MY 'DEAR MR. BARNUM:—I understand your friends, and that means «all creation,» intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a «thumb») in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from «Jack the Giant-Killer,» upstairs, to the doorkeeper down, which ever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my Western tour, and have my carriage, ponies and assistants all here, but I am ready to go to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mr. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful. * * * Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,
GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Hoping to renew his former successes, in 1857 the energetic showman again sailed for England. Tom Thumb accompanied him, and soon Mr. Barnum began to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

The General continued his exhibitions in different European cities, while Mr. Barnum made trips here, there, and everywhere, until, in 1861, we find them all back in America.

In December of this year Mr. Barnum received at the museum a visit from a wonderfully small dwarf named George Washington Morrison Nutt.

Mr. Barnum immediately conferred upon him the title of «Commodore,» and procured for him ponies, miniature coachman and footman, and a little carriage that when closed resembled an English walnut. General Tom Thumb was at that time traveling in the

South and West. He had grown quite stout, and, singularly enough, Commodore Nutt bore a striking resemblance to the General as he looked a few years before. Many thought that General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt were one and the same.

On the principle, I suppose, that two dwarfs are better than one, and to refute the unbelievers, Tom Thumb's Western engagement was brought to a close, and the two mites were exhibited together at the museum. Advertisements headed "The Two Dromios," and "Two Smallest Men and Greatest Curiosities Living," drew many visitors; and soon after Mr. Barnum heard of another dwarf, a very pretty little woman calling herself Lavinia Warren. Her home was at Middleboro, Massachusetts, and Mr. Barnum soon made an engagement with her which was to last for several years. Lavinia had a sister, smaller than herself, named Minnie, and she, too, was soon persuaded to join the group of midgets; and Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, Lavinia and Minnie Warren formed as marvelous a quartette as one could wish to see, and their exhibitions were attended by as many people as the museum could accommodate.

On February 10, 1863, Miss Lavinia Warren and General Tom Thumb were made man and wife at Grace church in New York. Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren acted as best man and bridesmaid. And these two were also married somewhat later.

General Tom Thumb and wife held a large reception at the Metropolitan hotel. The bride and groom, on their wedding tour, went to Washington and visited President Lincoln,

and then settled down to private life, the General having made enough money to warrant his retiring from business.

Tom Thumb had been too long accustomed to the excitement of a public life to care for retirement. In a few months he made business arrangements with Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, and the four soon found themselves again in the show business.

On June 21, 1869, the "General Tom Thumb Company," as it was called, started from New York on a three years' tour around the world.

This journey of the four midgets was really most remarkable. They traveled 55,487 miles, gave 1,471 entertainments in 587 different cities and towns, in many latitudes and climes, and never lost a day nor missed a single performance through accident or illness; and they coined money all the way.

From this time on we hear of Tom Thumb sometimes quietly resting in his home in Bridgeport, sometimes giving entertainments in various cities. He and his wife were frequently seen in New York, and were present in 1881, when Mr. Barnum opened his "Greatest Show on Earth" at Madison Square Garden.

Tom Thumb died in Middleboro, Massachusetts, on July 15, 1883. He was laid to rest in the beautiful Mountain Grove cemetery of his native town. A slender shaft of marble, surmounted by a life-size statue of himself, marks his resting place, while near by is the massive monument of granite over the grave of his old friend and manager, Mr. Barnum.

St. Nicholas.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

FAITH AND PRAYER TO ACCOMPANY FASTING.

PROBABLY at no time in the history of the Church has the monthly fast day been observed more closely than it has been of late, especially since the day has been changed from the first Thursday in the month to the first Sunday. The first Sunday in every month is now observed throughout all the Church, at home and abroad, with great punctuality. It is of course likely that many members do not observe the day with the strictness which is desired, but there are very few of the faithful Latter-day Saints who are guilty of neglect in this respect. From the evening meal of Saturday to the evening meal of Sunday every scrupulous Saint denies himself all food and beverages. Indeed, some people of sensitive consciences have addressed us inquiries asking whether it was not breaking the fast to partake of the Sacrament. We think such a view is rather too technical. If the day is strictly observed as a fast day in other respects, certainly no harm nor wrong is done in partaking of the emblems of the Lord's body and blood in the course of the day.

In fasting on these occasions, or any occasion observed as a fast day, there should be in the minds of those who fast some object to be sought after and gained by fasting and prayer. Every human being has some wants, some desires near to the heart, which the Lord alone can grant. It is well at such times, therefore, to bear these desires in mind, and to offer prayer to the Lord for them to be granted. These desires should be expressed in a heartfelt way, and should be accompanied by all the faith possible to be exercised by the humble petitioner before the Lord.

Innumerable instances might be cited to show how effective fasting and prayer have been in obtaining righteous desires. The Elders who go out, without purse and scrip,

carrying the Gospel, obtain an experience full of illustrations of the power and efficacy of prayer in securing for them that which their hearts desire. Indeed, Elders of great faith have frequently found themselves relieved from the necessity of asking for aid from those with whom they were brought in contact, because through the exercise of their faith before the Lord, He has put it into the hearts of men to supply their wants without waiting for human request or suggestion. Where Elders have faith enough to accomplish this, it is surely a more pleasant way of obtaining relief or that which is necessary to aid them in their missionary labors than to be compelled to ask for such aid.

At the present time there is a storm of falsehood, slander and misrepresentation raging against the Latter-day Saints. Satan and his emissaries are holding high carnival and flooding the country with every kind of story that is likely to arouse wrath and indignation against the Saints of God. The most unscrupulous methods are resorted to; the most atrocious lies are fabricated, and the bitterest malice is manifested. We have these storms quite frequently. It would disturb us very much if there were any long-continued peace—if the Latter-day Saints enjoyed the favor of the world to any extent or for any length of time. Every one of experience in the Church is therefore reminded in times of peace of the probability of another storm being aroused against the Saints in the near future. It is noticeable, too, that each succeeding storm is heavier and more widespread than all that have preceded it. It is a remarkable fact that as the Church grows in years, in experience and in strength, these periodical visitations of wrath become more violent, more widespread, and more alarming in their character. If the Saints had had in their earlier days such trials of their faith through the threats and manifestations of hatred on the part of their enemies,

it is doubtful whether many would not have faltered and become frightened at the outlook. But year after year, as one trial has followed another, the faithful Saints have been prepared for the worst that could happen. Each test has strengthened them the better to endure the next one. And they have finally learned to keep down all agitation and disturbance of mind at the malignant threats and the wicked plots of their enemies.

This is the case at the present time. The wrath of the wicked will be turned aside; the Lord will cause it to praise Him, and to bring glory to His name, salvation to His people, and an increase of faith and confidence to all who trust Him. Yet we suggest that on our regular fast days the Saints should supplicate the Lord in their prayers to look down with mercy and tender compassion upon His people and to destroy the wicked plots of the adversaries of truth. He is our Great Deliverer. We must rely on Him and Him alone. There is no earthly power that could have saved or that can save the Latter-day Saints from the destruction that their enemies would like to wreak upon them. They must therefore look to the Lord. He will hear the prayers of His people. He has done so in the past. He will continue to do so, and He will work out their salvation to their abundant satisfaction.



THE WORD «DEBTS» OR «TRESPASSES» IN THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A CORRESPONDENT in Tooele County writes for information as to the correct form of the Lord's Prayer as used in the Church—that is, whether we should say, «Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,» or, «Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us.» We cannot think the matter of difference is of that extreme or vital importance which our correspondent attaches to it; and yet it is not a very difficult question to answer.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board has adopted for use in the Sunday Schools the form of the Lord's Prayer as it appears in the 6th chapter of Matthew. This conclusion is not to be regarded as a decision that this form is the more correct—the main object was to secure uniformity for recitation in concert, etc. Following is that form:

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our *debts*, as we forgive our *debtors*. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

Now, this is entirely scriptural, and as such it ought to be acceptable. The Prayer as recorded by Luke, chapter 11, employs the word «sins» instead of «debts;» in that version there are also other variations from the commonly accepted form.

The use of the word «trespasses» occurs in the two verses immediately following the conclusion of the Prayer as recorded by Matthew. These are the words of the Savior: «For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.» These passages no doubt furnish the suggestion for the use of the word «trespasses» in place of «debts» in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, from which source the Christian world has probably accepted the amendment; though in passing it may be stated that the Prophet Joseph Smith also, in translating this Prayer, used the words, «Forgive us our trespasses.» The Book of Mormon, however, 111 Nephi, chapter 13, verses 9-15, makes use of the form and words found in the 6th chapter of Matthew.

But the word «debts,» in the connection here employed, does not necessarily mean money debts alone, any more than the word «trespasses» is limited to its strict and narrow modern meaning of «intrusion.» It is

only a question of words anyway—there can be no doubt of the Lord's meaning in the prayer which He gave to His disciples. It has therefore been deemed wisdom, for the sake of uniformity as above stated, to adopt for use in our Sunday Schools the exact wording of the Prayer as given in Matthew. It comes to us in this form with all possible authority, and as such is accepted by the Christian world everywhere.



THE PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

WE have to ask the patience and indulgence of our readers, and especially of those who contributed articles in competition for the prizes offered for the best stories or incidents suitable for publication in these

columns, for the delay in announcing the results of that competition. It was advertised to close February 1st, and did so. But so numerous were the manuscripts submitted, and of such variety in style and subject matter, that the reading committee selected by us have only about half finished, at this writing, the task set before them. It is of course very gratifying that the responses to our offer have come flooding in in such numbers, for it is an evidence of the widespread perusal of and general interest taken in the INSTRUCTOR. But they have so far exceeded our expectations and preparations that we are compelled to ask for more time in which to reach a decision as to the winners. This decision once reached, there will be no delay in making the awards.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

NEED FOR EDUCATION IN MISSIONARIES.

WHEN the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, education was of a much lower order of excellence in the United States than it is at the present time. The Elders who then went forth to preach the Gospel were generally illiterate men,—not ignorant, but illiterate. School advantages were not general, and bright, intelligent, superior men were to be found in all the ranks of life not very far advanced in scholarship. It was not discreditable then for men to go out as the Elders did to preach the Gospel without having received advanced education. The masses of the people were in this condition themselves, and did not look down, as they do at the present time, upon those who are unlearned.

All this, however, is changed within the past quarter of a century. Universities, colleges, academies and institutions of higher learning have sprung up all over the country,

and education has received a very great impulse. College-bred men now abound in all the walks of life—I may say not infrequently occupying quite humble positions and working for small pay. Men of education are so plentiful that they are no longer able to demand high wages.

In view of this changed condition of affairs, it should be the aim of the Latter-day Saints to give their young men who go out as missionaries the best education within their reach. There is no longer excuse for lack of learning. Our facilities for education are increasing; and it must be said to the credit of our community, that they have made commendable exertions to furnish and sustain colleges and academies, at which our young men and young women may receive a first-class education. The letters received at headquarters from the presidents of the various missions have urged upon the notice of the authorities of the Church the necessity for more care than has heretofore been taken in the selection of missionaries suitably pre-

pared. They invite attention to the fact that in many districts,—in fact it may be said in nearly all old-settled districts—educated people are the rule and not the exception, and that therefore missionaries of intelligence and of some scholarship—wherever this is at all possible—should be sent among them. They express a preference for a fewer number of missionaries—if these are well-educated—than for a larger number who may be illiterate.

This does not mean that energetic, faithful men who have not the highest education should be excluded from the ministry. We cannot fall into the ideas which prevail in the world that book-education and a knowledge of the sciences are more necessary than the Spirit of God. But we must take into consideration the world's condition, and adapt ourselves to that condition. There is no excuse now for young men being ignorant of letters. Books are cheap and abundant, and schools are plentiful. But even if circumstances do not favor a young man to the extent of permitting him to go to an advanced or even a common school, he still has plenty of opportunity for self-education and self-improvement.

In view of all these circumstances it is proposed that young men who are to be sent on missions and who are not properly qualified for the ministry through lack of education, should have the opportunity of going to one of our academies or colleges for a year to be instructed in those principles of knowledge which will enable him to go forth better equipped to meet the world and to impart instruction concerning the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. This will undoubtedly be of great value to many young men; though of course there are many who will not need to attend these institutions for this purpose, being already qualified by their thoroughness of education to go out into the world and do justice to their calling.

I repeat that in proposing this, it is not designed to substitute instruction of this

character for the Spirit of the Lord, or to intimate for a moment that the Spirit is not as essential to an Elder now as ever it was. But an educated man can as well avail himself—and he will find it as necessary to avail himself—of the aid of that Holy Spirit as can an uneducated man. Learning is not of itself a bar to humility, or to faith, or to a proper feeling of dependence upon the power and Spirit of God. There was a time in this Church when many people thought it a dangerous thing to have much education. They pointed to educated men who had joined the Church and had fallen away from the faith, having in some instances become lifted up in pride and imagined themselves superior to the rest, grieving in this way the Spirit and gradually fading away from the fellowship and communion of the Saints. I can remember when remarks were made by certain men in some authority at the time alluding slightly if not sneeringly to education and its value, because it had been seen that educated men stood in danger of getting into the dark. There was truth in the statement, but to my mind there appears a palpable reason for it. Advanced education then was so uncommon that men who had received such a training were very few, and were thus apt to be lifted up above their fellows. Now that higher education is common, however, that danger is removed. Men of the finest attainments can be found throughout all the ranks of the Church, and no one has any cause to feel on this account that he is any better than his fellows. The danger, therefore, of superior education having a bad effect upon those who obtain it, has to a very great extent disappeared.

Of this everyone may feel assured—that no man, however superior his education or his natural gifts may be, can accomplish anything of any moment in preaching the Gospel or in any of the labors connected with the progress of the work of God, who does not depend upon and have the assistance of the Spirit of the Lord. Learning alone cannot

save people now any more than it could seventy years ago; but ignorance cannot save them either. The man of higher education who does not cultivate the Spirit of the Lord cannot compare in the results of his labors with the man who, though comparatively ignorant of book learning, follows implicitly the guidance of that Spirit. Yet if to an Elder possessing the proper degree of humility and reliance upon the Spirit, there be added the advantages of education, it ought to be clear that his usefulness is immensely increased by the addition.



A LESSON IN SELF-DENIAL.

BROTHER HAMILTON G. PARK, of this city, gives an interesting bit of personal experience in the form of an incident that will well bear publication in these columns.

It occurred in 1855 or 1856, when the grasshoppers had destroyed the crops in Utah. Brother Park was at the time in the employment of President Brigham Young. He came home one evening, and, putting a small sack of flour on the table, said to his wife: "Agnes, here are twenty-six pounds of flour, and this must do for us and the children for seven days. I cannot get any more until the week is over, and then only another sack of twenty-six pounds like this, until the famine is over. Now I don't want you to dispose of any of this flour for love or money, for if the children suffer from hunger, there will be trouble." The wife wiped off a silent tear, but answered nothing; and Brother Park sat down to supper. He proceeded to

fill himself «right up» with food, but do what he could, he had to leave the table a hungry man. He went to bed, but was so hungry that he could not sleep. He arose early, still hungry, and said to his wife: «Now, Agnes, get me a good breakfast, so that I may satisfy this hunger.» Again he filled his stomach, but still he was hungry. He took with him enough bread and butter to last him for the day, and went to work. Passing along the sidewalk, he saw a neighbor in the garden digging up roots, and hailed him. The neighbor informed him with some reluctance that there was a newcomer in his home, only two days old, and that he was trying to get something for his sick wife to eat. «Catch this,» said Brother Park to him, as he threw toward him his big loaf of bread. From this very minute his extraordinary hunger left him. He worked hard all morning and when noon came he was not hungry, neither at night when he came home. He went to bed without eating anything, sending his supper to his neighbor's. After this experience he took back his stern words, and told his wife not to turn away any poor person who might want some of their flour, as long as there was a cupful left. At one time twenty-three out of the twenty-six pounds allowed each week had actually been given away, and the scanty supply was freely shared with neighbors during all the summer. Yet the family never once lacked flour, and soon plenty once more came back to the poor Saints and the bins once more were filled to overflow, after bounteous crops had been gathered.

The Editor.



“LUCKY HIM.”

THIRTY years ago today, I thought myself the happiest man in the world. I had that day come into possession of a very handsome fortune.

«A legacy from a rich uncle?»

«No; a legacy from a man named James O'Connor, and that legacy was his daughter Carrie. The marriage ceremony had just

been performed, and we stood upon the deck of the steamship *Marguerite*, waiting for the signal to be given and the vessel to start on her voyage across the broad Atlantic.

We were on our honeymoon. I had promised my prospective bride that, after our marriage, I would take her back to the land of her birth, and there, in the peaceful glens of dear old Ireland, she could gather, as she had often done when a little girl, bouquets of wild flowers, and gaze in rapture, till her soul was satisfied, on the beauties of nature.

After a pleasant voyage, lasting a dozen days, we landed at Queenstown harbor. A few days later found us in the city of Dublin, at the home of my wife's uncle, where we were accorded a hearty welcome. After having rested, and taken in the sights in and around the Irish capital, I accompanied my bride into the country that she might visit once again the scenes of her childhood. She took me to the home in which she was born, and in which she had spent many happy days. Over on the hillside was the little village school, where she had learned to lisp the letters of the alphabet; there was the church—the house of prayer—to which her parents had taken her each Sabbath day, and in which she had been taught the story of the Babe of Bethlehem. We strolled together down the lane through which she had often driven her father's cows to pasture; and the next day we climbed the hillside, decked with buttercups and daisies, flowers which she and her comrades had often gathered to crown the "Queen of May."

Traveling is cheap in Ireland; and while we hadn't "money to burn," we determined that we would see as much of the country as possible, in case we should not be able to come again.

One evening we were strolling along the beach at Larne, a favorite watering-place in the county of Antrim. The sea was dotted with a multitude of tiny pleasure-boats, and across the water came the enchanting strains of a brass band on board a large excursion

steamer. Presently a little fellow, with bare feet and sun-browned face, came up, cap in hand, and inquired if we would like to go for a sail. "My boat," he continued, "is as swift as an arrow, and safe as Noah's ark. Take you all the way to the second light-house and back for a shilling."

My wife expressed her willingness, and I bade the boy get his boat in trim. This he did with the expertness of an old seaman, and in a short time we were sailing across the blue waters at a lively rate of speed.

"Hasn't that child got a sweet, innocent face," said my wife, as we watched his nimble little fingers manipulate the sails. And indeed he had.

"What is your name, little man?" I asked him.

"James Henderson," he answered: "but the boys all call me 'Lucky Jim.'"

"And how did they come to give you that name?" I queried.

"Because I have always been very lucky. I have been on the sea now two years, and have never had an accident; I get more customers than any other boy, and when we go fishing the herrings seem to take delight in getting into my net—I always catch twice as much as the other boys."

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"I will tell you," said he. "My mother taught me to always pray to God for His blessings upon me. I never go out in the morning without doing so, and when I return at night I thank Him for His blessings during the day."

"And does God always answer your prayers?" I questioned.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "Today I had not made a penny; but I knew the Lord would not let me go home penniless. A little while ago I crept in behind the rocks, and prayed to Him to send me a shillin', so that I might be able to get mother some nourishing food, for she is in poor health. As soon as I came out I saw you, and I knew that the Lord had heard and answered my prayer."

My wife and I looked at each other, marvelling at the faith and confidence of that poor little fisher-lad, and we felt to blush with shame at our own unbelief and ingratitude.

«You have not mentioned your father; is he dead?» I asked.

«Yes,» he answered, «he has been dead ten years. I scarcely remember him; but my mother has told me much about him. He was a good man, an able seaman on board a merchant vessel. My mother often accompanied him on his voyages. One morning he kissed her and me good-by, and we never saw him again. His vessel was wrecked on her homeward journey, and all the crew, save three, perished. I was five years of age at the time; but I remember how the news almost broke my mother's heart; indeed, she has never recovered her health and spirits since. Mother had a little money saved, and we managed to get along. Two years ago she bought me this boat—I have given her the name of my mother, Louise—and many a shilling she has earned me. When I take the money home to mother and I see her smile and hear her say «God bless you, my darling boy,» no king's son feels more happy than I do.»

A few minutes later we reached the second lighthouse. The little fellow hauled down his sails, and, placing the oars in their sockets, turned the boat's head toward the shore. He was a muscular lad, and handled the oars with great skill.

When we reached our landing place, I handed him a half-crown, and told him we would be pleased to take another sail with him before we left, which we did.

When we bade him good-by, he presented my wife with a beautiful little album of sea-ferns which he had collected, and which his mother had pressed and put in a book.

We returned to America, and made our home in the city of Philadelphia, where we remained for five years, and at the end of that time I was seized with a desire to go to the far west. My brother had already gone to Chicago and commenced business in that city.

In the month of October last I received a letter from him containing the following announcement:

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Morrison
announce the Marriage
of their Daughter
Ethel R.
to

Mr. James Henderson,
on Thursday, October Nineteen,
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine.

I promptly replied, sending the newly-wed couple a suitable wedding present, and wishing them a pleasant voyage on the great ocean of life.

My business called me east a few weeks ago, and when I had given it attention I took a spin over to Chicago to see my brother and his family. After lunch we went down town, and entering a large grocery establishment, he introduced me to the proprietor, his son-in-law, Mr. James Henderson. And who do you think this Mr. James Henderson is? He is the little, barefooted fisher-lad with whom my wife and I sailed over the blue waters of Larne Lough over thirty years ago.

W. A. M.



THE ODDEST TEAM IN THE WORLD.

IN the Transvaal are to be found many strange sights and odd customs. The most unique institution of them all,

however, viewed from the standpoint of the American visitor, is the mail coach, which traverses its mountainous roads from point

to point, carrying the mail. It resembles in general a typical old western stage coach, but it is drawn by a team of five pairs of horses. Of horses, did we say? No, it is much odder than that.

The leaders of the team are two sturdy, well-built, well-trained mules, fleet of foot and sure climbers of precipitous mountain passes. Following them comes a pair, consisting of donkey and zebra, the latter a hybrid, a trifle below the usual height of the wild zebra. The second, third and fourth pairs are similarly mated, with the animals usually harnessed alternately on the on and off side. The wheelers are somewhat heavier than the others, usually strong specimens being secured for this duty.

The reason for the peculiar mating is that by this means the speed of the zebra and the sturdiness of the donkey can be combined to the best advantage. The zebra does not lend himself readily to the idea and contests the ground inch by inch during his period of training. Curiously enough, this does not arouse the obstinate spirit of the mule, unless it can be said to stimulate him to oppose his mate. So he proves the best teacher in the world for the wild animal.

These teams make better time over the mountain roads than can be made by circuitous routes by rail, so that until the railroads build over the range the mail coach will be a fixture.

Selected.



DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

Do what is right by day and night,
And never stoop to sin.
Drive evil thoughts from out your hearts
Nor let them enter in.

Walk in the paths of truth and right
Whatever may betide;
Men may frown, it matters not
While God is on your side.

The paths of sin may pleasant seem—
They leave behind a sting;

The heart is ever scathed and seared
That dares to walk therein.

How oft we see the silly moth,
When tempted by the flame
Fly into the dazzling light
And ne'er come out again!

Take lesson from this silly moth,
When temptations lie in wait,
And turn from the alluring flame
Before it is too late.

Z.



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change on "The Scenic Special;" also
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leaves here at 2:20 p. m. Dining cars on
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